

Inevitable

by BlueEssence1313

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Summary: "Ally, I swear- I'll do better! I-I'll fix it, I'll fix us! This wasn't supposed to happen- why are you shaking your head? Don't you want this too?" He pleads. I sigh, fighting back tears. "Oh, Austin...we'd only be delaying the inevitable." Some things just aren't meant to be. Maybe 'us' is one of them. Auslly.

## 1. Chapter 1

\_\*\*Prologue\*\*\*\*-\*\*Ally Moon, Age 25\_

\*\*\_August 24th\_\*\*

\_Journal,\_

\_In the span of 72 hours, I lost it all.\_

\_ [At least, that's how it felt.]\_

\_I woke up one morning at the top of the world. \_

\_And then I fell.\_

\_The only good thing that came out of this miserable week was the successful production of two new songs.\_

\_Whoopdedoo. [Sarcasm. If you couldn't tell.]\_

\_This is ridiculous.\_

\_I'm about to be announced; I don't have time to be telling you this.

\_

\_Alright- I'm leaving you with this, my dear, dear journal [Full story yet to come]:\_

\_It takes a lifetime to let someone into your heart.\_

\_But it only takes a second to shatter any trust you put into that person.\_

\_Gotta Go, [I'm performing the new stuff at the Festival. Wish me luck!]\_

\_Yours truly,\_

\_Ally Moon\_

"Ally!"

I look up, shutting my book abruptly.

"You're on in two minutes."

I nod, giving Delia [Stage Manager at MMF- keeps us running smoothly] an appreciative smile.

"Thanks, Dee. I'm ready."

She gives me a sympathetic clap on the shoulder before moving away to talk to the lights and sound crew.

Tonight is the annual Miami Music Festival. I've been practicing my routine for weeks but...there was an unexpected change of plans. Now I'm singing something I put together a few days back.

I stand up, straightening out my shimmery blue dress. Thank god she found something that slid over my bump and didn't make me feel like a whale. [Trish did a fabulous job tonight. Speaking of Trish...]

She runs towards me, throwing her arms around me.

"Good luck tonight Ally. Rock it." She grins before leaning in close.

"If that slut gets anywhere near you or him-"

"It doesn't matter." I cut her off, sighing.

"I really think it's over."

"Ally-" Her expression is pained.

"He still loves you."

I close my eyes.

"Then why did this happen?" I ask her quietly, and without waiting for an answer, move closer towards the curtain.

"-present, newly crowned Queen of Miami- Allyyyyyy Moooooon!" Jett Deely pumps a fist in the air, grinning. I plaster on a smile of my own, waving as I walk onto stage, seating myself at the piano. I lean into the microphone, clearing my throat.

"How's everyone enjoying the show?"

A deafening scream resonates through the Festival Hall.

I laugh.

"Awesome! So, I know you all were expecting a duet with me and my- " I swallow. Don't let them see, do not let them see.

"...Husband, Austin Moon. [Insert cheering here.] But I recently composed two pieces of music that I really needed everyone to hear. Thanks." I smile, before letting it drop. My fingers rest comfortably on the familiar keys of the piano.

Here I go.

I start playing, quietly at first, the music getting louder as I began to sing.

**\*\*** "Love that once hung on the wall **\*\***

><strong><em>Used to mean something, but now it means nothing<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>The echoes are gone in the hall<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>But I still remember, the pain of December<em>**\*\***

**\*\*** Oh, there isn't one thing left you could say **\*\***

><strong><em>I'm sorry it's too late<em>**\*\***

**\*\*** I'm breaking free from these memories **\*\***

><strong><em>Gotta let it go, just let it go<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>I've said goodbye<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>Set it all on fire<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>Gotta let it go, just let it go," <em>**\*\***

A tear slid down my cheek, my throat dry as my fingers danced across the smooth keys.

I hope you're listening, you bastard. I seethe furiously.

This is for you.

**\*\*** "You came back to find I was gone **\*\***

><strong><em>And that place is empty,<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>Like the hole that was left in me<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>Like we were nothing at all<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>It's not what you meant to me<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>Thought we were meant to be<em>**\*\***

**\*\*** Oh, there isn't one thing left you could say **\*\***

><strong><em>I'm sorry it's too late<em>**\*\***

**\*\*** I'm breaking free from these memories **\*\***

><strong><em>Gotta let it go, just let it go<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>I've said goodbye<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>Set it all on fire<em>**\*\***

><strong><em>Gotta let it go, just let it go."<em>**\*\***

I glance out at the audience briefly, surprised by the collective silence.

\*\*\_I let it go and now I know\_\*\*

><strong><em>A brand new life is down this road<em>\*\*

><strong><em>And when it's right, you always know<em>\*\*

><strong><em>So this time I won't let go<em>\*\*

\*\*\_There's only one thing left here to say\_\*\*

><strong><em>Love's never too late<em>\*\*

\*\*\_I've broken free from those memories\_\*\*

><strong><em>I've let it go, I've let it go<em>\*\*

><strong><em>And two goodbyes led to this new life<em>\*\*

><strong><em>Don't let me go, don't let me go<em>\*\*

\*\*\_Don't let me go, don't let me go, don't let me go, don't let me go\_\*\*

\*\*\_Won't let you go, don't let me go\_\*\*

\_But it might be now.\_

"I've broken free from those memories

>I've let it go, I've let it go<br>And two goodbyes led to this new life

>Don't let me go, don't let me go<p>

Don't let me go, don't let me go, don't let me go, don't let me go

Won't let you go, don't let me go"

I finished the piece, and tore my glance away from the keys.

>The crowd was still and silent.<br>Suddenly, a wave of cheers, thunderous applause, and shouts of 'encore!' filled the hall.

>I blushed, grabbing the microphone and getting up from the piano.<p>

"Id like to thank you all for having me here tonight- please enjoy the rest of the show- I have one last song for you. Thank you so much again-"

>I blew the audience a kiss, and nodded at the band.<em><br>\_\*\*\_

>"Like any other angel<br>I was given my grace

>And warning to never fall<br>For a pretty face

>They're all deceiving<br>Dear angel don't dare

>He'll chew you and spit you<br>To the pits of hell

>Without a care<em>\*\*

\_\*\*I swore I would listen\*\*\_

><em><strong>I swore id stay safe<strong>\_

><em><strong>I promised them I'd hold tight to my<strong>\_

><em><strong>Saving grace<strong>\_

\_\*\*Then along came he\*\*\_

><em><strong>The devil himself<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Dressed in feathery wings<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Kissed up to me<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Planted his lips like a tree<strong>\_  
  
><em><strong>Offering me delicious things<strong>\_

\_\*\*I couldn't resist\*\*\_  
><em><strong>Forgive me for this<strong>\_  
><em><strong>But he did it<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Quick, Chaste.<strong>\_

\_\*\*When he stole\*\*\_

\_\*\*My prized possession  
>My grace<strong>\_

\_\*\*It was foolish I suppose\*\*\_  
><em><strong>A sin taunting my heart<strong>\_  
><em><strong>But love is crazy<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Love isn't smart<strong>\_  
><em><strong>You ask was it love<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Id like to think so<strong>\_  
><em><strong>If it wasn't then pray<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Where did my heart go<strong>\_

\_\*\*Pretty face  
>Heart of sun<br>Stolen grace  
>Was he the one<br>Shield it well  
>You won't see him steal<br>When he leaves  
>You'll wonder if it was real<strong>\_

\_\*\*Wishing I had given up before\*\*\_  
><em><strong>Realized it was a joke<strong>\_  
><em><strong>He came so quick<strong>\_  
><em><strong>I couldn't see<strong>\_  
><em><strong>All the scars he left on me<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Now he's gone<strong>\_  
><em><strong>My wings are plucked<strong>\_  
><em><strong>And broke<strong>\_

\_\*\*I'm sorry\*\*\_  
><em><strong>I couldn't help it<strong>\_  
><em><strong>He told me<strong>\_  
><em><strong>He'd take me to the sunset<strong>\_  
><em><strong>And he did<strong>\_  
><em><strong>But then the sun rose again<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Why on earth did I think he was a friend<strong>\_

\_\*\*It was foolish I suppose\*\*\_  
><em><strong>A sin taunting my heart<strong>\_  
><em><strong>But love is crazy<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Love isn't smart<strong>\_  
><em><strong>You ask was it love<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Id like to think so<strong>\_  
><em><strong>If it wasn't then pray<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Where did my heart go<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Pretty face<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Heart of sun<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Stolen grace<strong>\_

><em><strong>Was he the one<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Shield it well<strong>\_  
><em><strong>You won't see him steal<strong>\_  
><em><strong>When he leaves<strong>\_  
><em><strong>You'll wonder if it was real<strong>\_  
  
\_\*\*I waited for you to return\*\*\_  
><em><strong>I spent<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Days by windows<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Months by my cellphone<strong>\_  
><em><strong>I Waited for something<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Wishin you'd come home<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Missing you so<strong>\_  
  
><em><strong>Much<strong>\_  
  
\_\*\*\*(I WAS SO FOOLISH)\*\*\_  
><em><strong>It was foolish I suppose<strong>\_  
><em><strong>A sin taunting my heart<strong>\_  
><em><strong>But love is crazy<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Love isn't smart<strong>\_  
><em><strong>You ask was it love<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Id like to think so<strong>\_  
><em><strong>If it wasn't then pray<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Where did my heart go<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Pretty face<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Heart of sun<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Stolen grace<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Was he the one<strong>\_  
><em><strong>Shield it well<strong>\_  
><em><strong>You won't see him steal<strong>\_  
><em><strong>When he leaves<strong>\_  
><em><strong>You'll wonder if it was real."<strong>\_

"Thank you for having me Miami!" I cheered, bowing. Jett jogged back onto the stage, flashing his award-winning smile at the crowd.  
>I tossed my mike to him, relieved to see him catch it  
quick.<br>"THAT WAS ALLY MOON, EVERYONE, WITH HER NEW SINGLES- STOLEN  
GRACE AND LET ME GO(\*\*1\*\*)- AVAILABLE ON the MiMiTunes (\*\*2\*\*) Store  
for only 99Â¢!"  
>I waved and walked off, resting a hand on my stomach  
contentedly.<p>

"Ally!"  
>"ALLY!"<br>Trish and Dez tackled me, both blabbing loudly in my ears.  
>"Great job- "<br>"Austin wants to see you-"  
>"AMAZING, I loved the bridg- "<br>"-mistake with her, it was-"  
  
>"-I'm seriously so proud of you- "<br>"-seriously misses you-"  
>I chuckled, and put up a hand.<p>

"One at a time, guys. Trish- you go first."

Trish stuck her tongue out at Dez and hugged me.

"You did amazing Als! Don't listen to anything this numbskull has to say- I'm so proud of you!"

I hug her back.

"Thanks Trish! Alright Dez, you next."

He isn't the peppy ginger he normally is right now. And that makes me uneasy.

Dez's left leg is bouncing. Damn.

"Dez...?" I venture nervously.

He sighs.

"Austin wants to talk to you."

I look down.

"I can't. Dez, I can't. I just can't see him right now. I need some time to think, to sort out my feelings...It might be time for a div-"

"Ally."

I stop. God, no, please, nononono.

I turn around, my hands on the curve of my stomach protectively.

"Austin." I say coolly.

He shuffles his feet, his expression strained. His gorgeous eyes refuse to meet mine.

"Can we talk? Please?"

Fuck. There's that puppy-eyed face. Shitshitshit. Do not break, Ally Mo- Dawson. Do \*\*not\*\* break.

"Sure."

Austin looks confused.

"I mean...in private?"

"I know what you mean," I grind out. "I'm just not ready for it."

"Als-"

"\*\*Ally\*\*." I prompt.

He sighs.

"Ally," He mumbles. "It was a mistake. I never meant to get that close to her, I swear! I love you!"

I shake my head.

"Like any other angel," I said softly. "I was given my grace, and warning to never fall for a pretty face."

"Austin...you're the first guy I ever loved...and probably the only guy I ever will. But I know, that I'm not the case for you."

I take a shaky breath. Stay strong. Push through.

"I'm letting you go."

I turn on my heel and walk away. I can barely hear the sound of his voice calling me, or Dez's protests or the gentle feel of Trish comforting me.

It's over.

And I shatter.

\* \* \*

><p><em>Super short prologue. <em>

Um, first thing first- \*\*a little introduction. \*\*

Hi, the name's \*\*Rene\*\* (\*\*Blue\*\*). This is my \*\*first fanfic\*\* I've\*\* posted\*\* for \*\*Austin&Ally\*\* which is my current obsession along with \*\*r5, Supernatural, and How to Train Your Dragon.

\*\*

I've got some quick notes that are \*\*IMPORTANT\*\* to the storyline so please, do read:

- As we move forward with the story, you'll understand what I mean when I say this is a \*\*Slightly Alternate Storyline\*\*, or as I like to say, \*\*SAS.\*\* Meaning that it follows the Storyline of the show but skips certain events or doesn't match up quite the same way. I'll do my best to match some of it with the Season Three Arc.

-This prologue starts six or seven years before Chapter 1. We have loads of ground to cover so expect lots of long chapters.

-\*\*SUPER IMPORTANT: \*\*I love ALL of my darling readers and reviewers. I'd just like to remind everyone that I'm in school and update as often as possible. Translation: \*\*Please don't hate me if it takes me a month to get a new chapter up, I apologize in advance and remind you to stick with me and that I LOVE YOU ALL SO MUCH!\*\*

Okay, Onwards:

\*\*BANNER: \*\*Wanna make me one for this story? Go for it:) I'd love it i\*\*f one of you did;\*\* If you do, \*\*you'll get a one-shot written by moi, a shout-out in every chapter of this story, and all my love \*\*you FABULOUS soul. :3

><em>

\*\*\_NOTES:\_\*\*

\*\*\_1) \_\*\*\_Stolen Grace \*\*IS \*\*\_my song. Feel free to use it. Just please, credit me with it. \*\*Let Me Go, \*\*however, is a song by the ever amazing \_\*\*Avril Lavigne.\*\*

\*\*\_2) \*\*\_Parody of iTunes. Not mine, No sue.\_

\_\*\*Disclaimer: \*\*I do not own Austin&Ally. If I did...it wouldn't be on Disney Channel, that's for sure.

><em>

\*\*\_WARNING: \_\*\*\_I dunno if I'm gonna keep the rating to a T. I'd like to know all your input on the subject. Let me know in the reviews below. Go on, just type on up and clicky-clicky the submit button. :)\_

\*\*\_REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW REVIEW\_\*\*

\_Alright, that's enough. \_

\_Thank you so much everyone.\_

\_Love,\_

\*\*\_Blue\_\*\*

\*\*\_PS: \_\*\*\_TO ALL MY TT FANFIC READERS- IT IS ON IT'S WAY, SORRY FOR THE DELAY, I LOVE YOU ALL, HAVE A GREAT DAY! (or night:P) \_

## 2. Chapter 2

\_\*\*HeYYYYYYY\*\*\_

\_Long time no see, guys. I spent a long time on this chapter- it's my baby, so please, review~\_

\_WAIT!\_

\_I have a \*\*VERY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT\*\* that is mandatory for all of you to hear.\_

\_Each chapter onwards, including this, will be a mere snapshot in the life of Austin and Ally. The chapters will have long breaks in between them, each time stretch gradually getting shorter as we catch up to the prologue. I will be making a companion series that will highlight moments missed.\_

\_ALSO- this was typed around the air date of Princesses and Prizes. I will try to incorporate bits and pieces of Season 3, but only the parts I can fit with my plot. \_

\_All songs used will be listed at the end of the chapter, as will the disclaimer.\_

\_HERE WE GO!\_

\_\*\*Chapter 1\*\*\_\*\*\_: \_\*\*\_V-Day Dances and Second Chances\_\*\* (Ally Dawson, Age 18)\_

\*\*\_February 11th\_\*\*

\_Dear Journal,\_

\_Thursday is Valentines Day. And just like every year, I have no date.\_

Am I seriously \_\_\*\*that \*\*undesirable? I mean, I can't be! Not if Dallas, Gavin, Leo, \_\_\*\*and \_\_Austin all liked me at some point in time!\_

Granted, none of those relationships lasted very long...oh god, I'm doomed to an eternity of loneliness aren't I?! [Please say no]\_

Well, I'm going to go and borrow some of Mom's old Nick Sparks book. Since that's the closest to a real romance I'll ever be in my life, I'd better get used to it.\_

Moving on to a slightly more positive topic- Austin and Lizzy [Elizabeth 'Liz' Noir- The only other person in Miss Linda's AP Music that I can tolerate. Besides Austin, I mean.] are deejaying the dance [Liz is a wicked deejay]. I'm writing something new for Austin to perform, and get this: they want \_\_ME \_\_to perform too! It's a sort of surprise though, so I'm keeping it on the D-L (1 point to Ally D for the super cool word choice. XD). I do, however have some pretty good lyrics ready to start writing down-\_

CRAP! Austin's tapping on the door- I'll write it all later:)\_

Much love, [wish me luck this week]\_

Queen of the Lonely Hearts Club,\_

Ally D\_

"Later, Dad!" I call out, slinging my school bag over my shoulder. I slip into my turquoise wedges, stealing a peek into the mirror hanging near the coat-stand. [I've gotten really good at the whole 'in' fashion thing. I didn't even need Trish's help pairing together my white skinny jeans and bluish-green batwing top. And, as always, I've got my Ally necklace.]

"Alllllllllyyyyyyy!" Austin whines, his voice muffled by the door.  
"Let's go! We're gonna be late!"

I chuckle, swinging open the door and stepping out.

"Good morning to you too, Superstar." I poke him in the stomach playfully, before heading to his car.

"Why do girls always take so long in the mornings?" He mumbles, slipping into the driver's seat and buckling up [SAFETY!].

I raise an eyebrow at that.

"Speaking from experience?" I ask coolly. "Have any girls spent the morning with you?"

I don't expect the faint red color to rise to Austin's cheeks, but it does.

"Whoa, Ally- I didn't mean- uh, it's only been- No! I've never done...\_that\_."

"Really? But...you're \*\*you\*\*." I say disbelievingly.

He starts the car, pulling out of my driveway.

"I'm saving myself for a special girl."

"Is it Jennifer Lawrence?" I tease, hoping to entice a laugh out him.

"No." Austin says seriously, but before I can prod at it more, he turns the radio on.

\_"-we'll be back at 8:15 to announce the winners for the Double-Dare-Doublon Contest! If you're a winner, head on down to Pearl's Pirate Emporium to pick up your reward. Till then- enjoy this weeks 'Hearts & Haters' playlist.\_

"Ugh," I grumble, digging through my bag to find my novel. [I'm REALLY not in the mood for the lovey doveys-ness (even though I AM reading The Last Song)\*\* (1).\*\*\_]

"What is it?" Austin asks, glancing at me briefly. He fiddles with the volume knob, turning it down.

"It's stupid."

"No it isn't."

"Yes it is."

"Nu-uh."

"Ya-ha."

"Nu-uh."

"Ya-ha."

"Ally...\_still dunno your middle name\_...Dawson!" He says forcefully, cutting me off.

"Nothing you say is ever stupid."

I feel the blood rush to my cheeks.

\_Stop that! \_I scold myself.

"Well, this time- it is." I shoot back.

sighs heavily.

"Didn't wanna do this, but if i have to-" He slammed his foot down on the brakes abruptly.

"AUSTIN MONICA MOON ARE YOU TRYING TO GET US KILLED?!" I screech. The cars behind us honk loudly.

He shrugs, giving me a wide, white grin.

"Tell me."

"No." I reply stubbornly.

He folds his arms.

"Then I guess we'll stay here."

Ugh. I hate it when he does this.

"Just drive." I grumble.

Austin shoots me a gleeful smile and waves kindly at the cars behind us, before continuing the drive.

"I...don't like Valentines Day very much."

"Why?"

I sigh.

"I'm sure you won't understand this or anything, but I'm alone."

He chuckles.

"No you're not! You've got me, Trish, and Dez. That's three people."  
[Very funny, Austin. I'm glad you can do math.]

"It isn't the same."

"Sure it-"

"AUSTIN." I burst, cutting him off mid-sentence. My cheeks are flushed, and I can feel my heart beating a million miles an hour. [Not physically possible, but whatever.]

"\*\*You \*\*have Rosemary [his new, tall, gorgeous, blonde, Cassidy-double, crush. Note my enthusiasm at how much he likes her.]. \*\*Trish \*\*has Tyler [Boyfriend #4 since Trent.], hell, even \*\*Dez \*\*has Carrie [Bubbly blonde at the Beach Club]. Me? I have \*\*no one\*\*. I'm sorry you've never experienced this lack of adoration and love." I spit out bitterly. Thank god we've nearly reached the parking lot. \*\*  
><strong>

I unsnap my buckle and get out of the car, teetering on my wedges clumsily.

\_Ugh. \_

"Ally!" Trish jogs up to me, an odd smile on her face.

"Hey, Trish. What's up?" I spin the dial on my locker, shoving my Calculus Textbook into the top shelf. [The only subject that kills me a little on the inside.]

She gives me a mischievous smile.

"Check your phone." She says mysteriously, before turning the corner and leaving.

I roll my eyes.

\_Drama Queen.\_

There's a little ping coming from my bag- probably what Trish was talking about.

I pull out my phone, sliding the screen.

\_New Email Notification- From Trish (BFF hearts)\_

\*\*\_From: \*\*\_Trish (BFF hearts)\_

\*\*\_Subject:\_\*\*\_ FWD: V-Day Dance Committee UPDATE\_

\_Thank me later ;)\_

\_Trish\_

\_Begin Forwarded Message:\_

\_From: Lindsay Allen\_

\_Recipients\_\_: Event Committee; \_

\_cc: TigerTrish ; LizTheStar ; TylerBurns ; DeniseDylans \_

\_Subject: V-Day Dance Committee Update\_

\_Hi Everyone,\_

\_Just wanted to update you all on the plans for Friday. We have our slots assigned and will be attached to this email as well as posted on the bulletin board.\_

\_Liz- You'll be deejaying three alternating slots, with two 45 minute breaks in between.\_

\_Garrett- Thank you for sending Lisa Daniels' Catering Menu. See me during free period so I can give you the check for all the food- Room 278\_

\_Amari- You, Sally, Rose, Jackson, and Emmett need to talk to Miss Krista about the decorations. We have ordered the fountain and Light-Set. Please go to Room 190 during Free Period.\_

\_Trish- Please let Austin Moon and Ally Dawson know that their slots have been assigned. As noted, Ally Dawson's performance shall be kept secret.\_

\_Tyler- Please arrange the photography session schedule and send it to me ASAP\_

\_Denise- Run through queues and have them ready by Thursday at 3:45.\_

UPDATED SCHEDULE:

>LIZ- Mix 1- 7:00 (vote open)<p>

\_AUSTIN MOON- Set 1- 7:30\_

\_LIZ- Mix 2- 8:15 (vote open)\_

\_ALLY DAWSON- Set 2- 8:45\_

\_LIZ- Mix 3- 9:30 (vote open)\_

\_KARAOKE FREE/SPECIAL GUEST: Ally Dawson (Vote CLOSED) \*\*[Is this what Trish was talking about?]\*\*\_

\_ANNOUNCEMENTS

><strong>Sweethearts Slow Dance<strong>  
><span><strong>Eros and Aphrodite Nominees<strong>  
>Eric Elkins<br>Austin Moon \*\*[Figures.]\*\*  
>Daniel Ryder<br>Dallas Centineo\_

\_Rosemary Florence\*\* [Duh.]\*\*\_  
><em>Ally Dawson <strong>[WHAT?!]<strong>\_

My eyes widen. That was unexpected. Why the hell am I a nominee?

I shake my head, and continue reading.

\_Libby Swire  
>Tilly Thompson <strong>[Insert shudder here.]<strong>\_

\_\*\*ShouldBeSweetHearts Nominees\*\*\_  
><em>Ally Dawson x Austin Moon<em>

I scoff. Fat chance. Tried it, didn't work.

\*\*No matter how much I wish it did.\*\*

\_Ally Dawson x Dallas Centino \*\*[Not gonna happen EVER again.]\*\*\_

\_Raquelle Sele x Noah Vance  
>Carter Marx x Rosalinda Mason<em>

\_If you have any questions, please feel free to talk to me during free period, or before and after school.\_

\_REMINDER- last minute committee meet at 7:30 AM on Thursday.\_

\_Sincerely,\_

\_Lindsay Allen\_

I sigh, slipping my phone back into my pocket. Not what I expected.

"Hey Ally."

I glance up, and smile briefly.

"Hi Dallas." I reply, before turning back to my locker and putting my stuff away.

"I was wondering if maybe you'd be my date to the dance?"

I fight back a groan.

"Look, Dallas, you're my friend, and that's totally awesome, but I only like you as a friend."

He shuffles in place, giving me a shy smile.

"I know...I just..."

"What?" I ask, shutting the door of my locker.

We start walking down the hall, Dallas linking arms with me playfully. [We have the same advisory in Room 124.]

"I like this girl...Rosemary? But she's going with someone else, and, well, I thought, since you're one of my closest girlfriends- wait! I mean, like a friend that's a girl, not like, a girlfriend girl friend-"

I giggle at his absurdity. Poor Dallas, isn't too different from me. He's so sweet, and gets flustered easily. I place my hand on his shoulder.

"Dallas, it's cool, okay? I'll go with you." He gives me an appreciative smile.

"Thanks Ally."

I stand on my tiptoes and kiss his cheek quickly, before pulling him into advisory.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>February 12th<strong></em>

\_Dear Journal,\_

\_Austin hasn't spoken to me since yesterday morning. Did I cross a line? Strike a nerve? [At any rate, it's pretty dick-y of him to ignore me.]\_

\_The car ride back was so awkward! He wouldn't look at me, didn't speak to me, he didn't even turn on the radio! \_

\_Trish says that he might be jealous that I'm going with Dallas. [Yeah, right. Turns out HE is going with Rosemary.]\_

\_Moving onwards, today will be VERY busy. Here is my perfectly organized agenda:\_

\_Dress/Ensemble shopping with Trish [Because you know it's never just a dress.]\_

\_Composition time [Still need two songs for the dance.]\_

\_Nelson's Piano Lesson [PLEASE don't bring your own piano! Insert crossed fingers.]\_

\_Get Austin to talk to me \_

\_...Or at least tell me why he's pissed.\_

\_Still, Crowned Queen of the Lonely Hearts Club, [This time with a 'date'!]\_

\_Ally Dawson\_

I slip on my ballet flats, adjusting my side braid [paired with a floral skirt plus a pink top and black cardigan- not neglecting Trish's golden rule of style- wear a necklace.]

"Bye Dad!" I call, opening the door and stepping outside.

Austin is nowhere to be seen.

I sit down on the porch swing beside the door, pulling out my songbook to write some lyrics.

\*\*\_Try\_\*\*

\_Ever wonder 'bout what he's doing? \*\*[All the time]\*\*\_

\_How it all turned to lies?\_

\_Sometimes I think that it's better,\_

\_to never ask why.\_

\_Where there is desire there is gonna be a flame,\_

\_where there is a flame someones bound to get burned.\_

\_But just because it burns,\_

\_doesn't mean you're gonna die.\_

\_You gotta get up and try and try and try\_

\_gotta get up and try and try and try\_

\_You gotta get up and try and try\_

"And try." I mumble.

\_Bzzzzzzzt! \_I reach into my bag and pull out my phone. It's 7:15, I'm bound to be late no matter what.

I slide the screen, surprised to find a text from Austin.

\_Can't pick you up today; Rosemary needed a lift. -A\_

I'm seeing red now.

\*\*That little-\*\*

"Calm down, Dawson." I remind myself. I scroll through my contacts list.

Dez and Trish are probably over there. Liz is at the dance meeting, and Dallas has Math Club in the morning.

My thumb hovers over a name I'm reluctant to pick.

\*\*You need a ride. It's for the ride. Besides, what's he gonna do? He's with Valeria.\*\*

I press the call button, lifting the phone up to my ear.

"Hello?"

"Hi...Leo? It's Ally. I kinda need a ride to school, and if it isn't any inconvenience, I was wondering if you could do it?"

There's a long pause. Bracing myself for the [for lack of better phrasing] rejection, I pull the phone away from my ear.

"Why not?"

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>I am in Leo's car...I am in <strong>\_Leo's  
\_\*\_\*car...why the hell am I in his car?!\*\_\_  
><em>

[Alright- here's the thing with Leo. We were pretty close friends up until sixth grade, when he moved away. He came back for junior and senior year at Marino High almost two years back. We hung out through out most of last year whenever Team Austin was too busy to keep me company. After Austin and I ended it, we started seeing more of each other. I didn't want Trish, Austin, or Dez to turn this into another 'Elliot Incident' so I kept it a bit of a secret.

One night, Leo and I were out for a drive. I was reading \_Looking for Alaska (\*\*2\*\*) out loud while he drove us to the beach. We sat, ate ice cream, talked. I realized...I hadn't felt so...free...in a long time. We held hands, headed back to the car, but things felt different. That night...I kissed him. It was different from kissing Austin. Where Austin was smooth and practiced, Leo was hesitant, He pulled away with this dorky sort of smile, ran his fingers through his shaggy brown hair, green eyes sort of hazy...I giggled...

Oh, yeah. Back on track.

Basically, we tried the dating thing for a while. Again, it was a bit of a secret- something that killed me but I couldn't risk ruining my relationship with Team Austin.

A month passed. It was cool.

Then came the stupid trial (\*\*3\*\*).

Leo hung out in the back, watching the whole thing go down. After that...he was disconnected, detached...he wouldn't speak to me for a few days. One night, we went out to dinner. When we came home he wouldn't let me kiss him goodnight.

He said he was sorry, and that he really did like me...alot.

But he wasn't going to get in the way of me and the guy I loved.

I was confused.

I was confused.

>Then it clicked<br>I swore it wasn't like that. I didn't love austin-

I guess Leo thought otherwise. He begged me for a clean, quiet break. I told him I wouldn't have it any other way.

>We parted with a last kiss.<p>

A week later, this girl, Valeria, was on his arm. Tall, pale, with exotic green eyes and white blonde hair.

We didn't talk much, after that.

Did I love him? I dunno. I

>But I missed him a lot.<p>

There you have it, dear reader. My whole story, fit into the 3 second frame of me complaining about being in his car. Which, by the way- ]

Leo Viscilli grinned, his green eyes glinting playfully.

"Miss me, Dawson?"

In an instant, we felt normal again. I shoved him, giggling.

"Not in the slightest, Viscilli."

We chatted about simple things, laughing, singing; being us.

>We had reached the stop light just before school, when Leo turned to me.<p>

"Look Ally...I want you know that...I want to restart. Valeria is completely out of the picture [sound familiar?] and I miss you."

>He pulls out a shiny pink slip, handing it to me.<br>"Will you go to the dance with me?"

\* \* \*

><p>"YOU SAID WHAT?!"<p>

I winced, unplugging my ears.

"I told him I already had plans and that I wish I could. The he asked if we could go on a date sometime and I said yes."

Trish sighs, flopping down onto the zebra-chaise [not for me, I assure you. Trish is over so often she just had her brother bring over a bunch of her stuff to my room.]

"What about Austin? You still like him, right? Besides, you and Leo are just friends-what?" Trish asks noting my fidgeting.

"Actually..."

"Allyson—I-Promise—I-Won't-Use-Your-Middle-Name—Dawson! You tell me what went down between you and Leo-Daniels Viscilli RIGHT NOW!" She orders, hugging her pink cheetah pillow.

I groan, and stand up, walking to my closet to grab my LJ [See, when I was thirteen, I watched The Notebook and I fell in love with the idea of a journal that logged the loves of your life— I now present: Ally Dawson's Official Love Journal].

I throw the book at Trish, who stares at it with a mixture of amusement, surprise, and admiration [It's gorgeous— I got it dressed in a satin cover, with shimmery swirls, and my name penned beautifully in the top left corner].

"A love-journal?"

"I'll explain later. Read it. Do not breathe a word of it to Austin. It details the whole Leo thing from the first time I felt butterflies to the last time we kissed."

"How'd you keep it a secret for so long?"

I sighed.

"It was hard. We'd go out early, or late; sometimes out of town. I hated keeping it a secret, but as long as only the two of us knew, we were fine."

I paused.

"Actually, my mom too. So that's three. She helped me plan it out, though she was kinda sad it wasn't about Austin."

"What wasn't about me?"

I turn on my heel, cheeks pink.

There, his hair in all it's windswept golden glory, he's leaning against the frame of my door.

I shoot a glare at Trish, before turning to Austin.

"How did you get in?" I ask bluntly. [I'm still angry. Mostly. But he doesn't need to know that.]

He rolls his gorgeous chocolate-hazel eyes [is that even possible?].

"Your Dad let me in, Als. Dez has cheer practice so..." He shrugs.

I glare at him, and plop down beside Trish, stuffing the LJ under my butt.

"What's that?" Austin probes curiously.

"None of your business." Trish retorts, getting up.

"I'm going to start the car, Ally. The dress shop closes in two hours." She shoots me a warning look and pushes past Austin.

"Well...see ya." I blurt out, stuffing the book into my purse and moving forth.

"Not so fast." Austin blocks the doorway with his body.

"Are you mad at me?"

I scoff.

"Of course not! Why would I ever think such a thing?" I shove him with all my force out of the way, stalking downstairs.

"Is it because I drove Rosie to school? I would've let you know I swear, Ally, it's just-She called so late- I couldn't just leave her-"

I'm not listening to his ridiculous bullshit anymore. Tears blur my eyes as I slide into my flats.

"-I promise it won't happen-

I stop, and turn around. I brush past Austin and head to the hall closet, pulling out the my box of memories [a sentimental scrapbook, if you will]. I grab the dusty leather rectangle inside and shut the door, turning to Austin.

"From now on, it's just going to be Austin time." I sniff, shoving the calendar into his hands. He stares at it blankly, before running to follow me out the door.

"Ally-"

"No, Austin, you listen to me-" I poke him hard.

"You are my best friend. I completely support you in everything, your career, your relationships- I am there for you whenever there is something important."

"But this? Austin, you blew me off for Rosie I had to call my ex boyfriend to give me a ride-"

"Dallas?" He asked, confused.

"No." I winced. Crap. He wasn't supposed to know that.

"Anyways- you've ignored me for the past two days, you text me to let me know you can't get me, you've been completely abrupt with all of us- it's ridiculous. And I won't be a part of it anymore."

Poor guy; he looks so sad. [Insert puppy-eyes.]

"I'll get a ride with Trish in the mornings. Dallas can take me back home after school. I'd love some space- And, Austin? This isn't just for me. You need it too."

I back away, breaking into a run. Trish doesn't ask me what happened

or why I'm teary-eyed. She stares ahead, plugs in her ipod, and drives.

\* \* \*

><p>"Ooooh, how about this one?" Trish poses, modeling her hot-pink, sparkly zebra-stripe dress.<p>

I wave my hand, sighing.

"Too much."

It's been three hours since I spoke to Austin. I'm wondering...maybe I was too harsh...

I pull out my phone, opening up a new text.

\_To: SuperStar (Austin Moon)\_

\_Hey.\_

\_I'm sorry about freaking out. Can we tal\_

"TRISH!" I shriek, grabbing for my phone. She smirks, shoving it into her bra.

I shudder.

"Ew."

"And here I thought you were \_finally \_being assertive. Tsk, Tsk, Ally." Trish says disapprovingly.

"But-"

"But nothing! Now, I'll give you your phone back tomorrow at school, if, and only if, you stop sulking and try on some dresses."

I sigh again, but smile nonetheless.

"Aright. Let's do it."

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>February 13th<em>\*\*

\_Dear Journal,\_

\_One day left. \_

\_Dallas is meeting me in the music room during free period to beta my new song. Since Austin and I aren't speaking...\_

\_Also, Trish and I picked out our dresses! They look AMAZING! [If I do say so myself. ;)]\_

\_She gave me back my phone this morning, but I didn't text Austin my apology. Trish is right. I need to unleash my inner 'Roxie Rockett'. And that's what I'm gonna do.\_

I'll write a bit more later; Dallas should be in here any minute!

Love, LHC Queen,

Ally Dawson

\*\*PS:\*\* NOTE TO SELF- UPDATE on LEO Situation

"How does this sound?"

I clear my throat, holding open my songbook.

I thought I would never feel again.

I thought it was just the

beginning of the end.

It took a while but I've healed my heart

I'm watching my life restart.

Dallas grins.

"It's really good, Ally!"

I blush.

"D'you wanna hear the rest?"

He rolls his eyes.

"Holy Unlimited Texting, HECK YES I DO!"

I giggle, and sit down at the piano, settling my fingers on the keys.

I thought I would never feel again.

I thought it was just the

beginning of the end.

Well, it took a while but I've healed my heart.

I'm watching my life restart.

Oo, Oo, Oo, Mmm

I was always so sure

I knew which way to go.

Look right, look left,

I really don't know.

I didn't know love could be so right yet wrong,

\_ and it doesn't change that time goes on...and on...\_

\_and on...\_

I glance up at Dallas, my fingers gliding across the keys.

His eyes are closed, a contented smile on his face.

I grin, and turn back to my music.

"\_Tell me again of the mistakes I've made,\_

\_remind me of the scars that will never fade,\_

\_sing to me about how our love is a song\_

\_say that I'm right,\_

\_prove me wrong.\_

\_I need to hear, something bad.\_

\_I need to smile, when I'm sad.\_

\_Move my life, along\_

\_ 'cause Time doesn't wait,\_

\_it just goes on.\_

\_Yeah, Time doesn't wait- It just goes on and on and on..."\_

"Oh, Time doesn't wait...it just goes-"

"On and on."

Dallas and I swivel around.

My eyes narrow.

"Austin." I say coldly. Dallas catches my eye, and excuses himself, slipping out.

"Look, Ally-"

He hesitates.

"About me ditching you for Rose...I really am sorry."

I smile wearily, and turn back to the piano.

"It's fine."

"No, it isn't-"

"Look, Austin, I'd rather we just forgot about it okay? It didn't happen." I focus on playing the notes on my song.

I feel a familiar hand on my shoulder.

"Ally-"

"Please, Austin. Forget it."

I shrug his hand off, and resume my singing.

\_No way I can pretend,\_

\_it's gone, it isn't happening\_

\_the scars you leave behind\_

\_watch them start to fade in time\_

\_your words might try to cut me deep\_

\_but watch me while i breathe\_

\_in and out, coming down\_

\_dreaming about\_

\_Oo, Oo, Oo, Mmm\_

\_Silvery clouds, come and go\_

\_things that say 'i love you' \_

\_try to tell me i was off all along\_

\_but i'm not gonna stop\_

\_i just go on and on and on\_

Austin scoots next to me, thumbing the book farther. He snaps his fingers, singing along.

"\_Tell me again of the mistakes I've made,\_

\_remind me of the scars that will never fade,\_

\_sing to me about how our love is a song\_

\_say that I'm right,\_

\_prove me wrong.\_

\_I need to hear, something bad.\_

\_I need to smile, when I'm sad.\_

\_Move my life, push it along\_

\_ 'cause Time doesn't wait,\_

\_it just goes on.\_

\_Yeah, Time doesn't wait for anyone! \_

\_Oh,\_

\_we start to walk away\_

\_you turn to me and say\_

\_why do we let it go\_

\_can't we wait for tomorrow?\_

\_I'm fighting back the tears that are coming\_

\_can't bear to tell you, oh darling\_

\_i wish you were right, but its so wrong\_

\_we gotta move on\_-

"Oh, mmm, we gotta move on-"

Austin stops singing, leaving my voice clear in the air.

"Ally?" He says, dangerously quiet.

"Hm?" I ask, abruptly stopping my playing.

"What is this song about?"

I swallow.

"Stuff."

"Obviously."

"Can we please not talk about it-"

"Why, Ally? Why can't we ever talk about anything?"

I shrink back, turning to face him as he paces moodily.

"We never talk about our issues. We act like they never happened. We broke up-"

"A mutual decision." I pointed out.

"Yeah, but we never really tried to work out our awkwardness issues, did we? We had a ton of potential. You know we did, Ally. We still do."

"What are you saying?"

Dead silence.

Then he sits back down next to me, tilting my chin up so I was staring at his eyes [think romance. Not creepiness, okay?].

"I'm saying...would you ever want to try again?"

I tear my gaze away.

"Austin-mmph!"

He presses his lips to mine. It's a surprisingly gentle kiss; sweet, his mouth melting with mine.

I gasp [internally here] and push him away, grabbing my book and hugging it to my chest.

"You are taking Rosemary to the Dance, Austin. I'm going with Dallas, and even if I wasn't...I can't do this- " I storm away, rushing down the hall to the library.

I pass Trish and Tyler, and grab her arm, tugging her along with me.

"Ow! Ally, stop pulling me- jeez, why the fuck were you- " She catches my expression, and shuts up, walking in pace with me.

\* \* \*

><p>"Ugh, I need a pill." Trish rubs her temple.</p>

She scowls at me, putting her feet up on the couch across from her armchair.

[Since Miss Rylie lets me volunteer at the Library and do work for the paper in there, she trusts me with the spare keys to the lounge. Which is where we currently rest. Me, slobby-gross, criss cross on the floor with some juice in my hand and my lunch on the coffee table (I can't face Austin right now). Trish has draped herself across the couch/table/armchair.]

"Gosh, Als your life is so dramatic." She sighs.

"I still like him."

She rolls her eyes.

"Then date him."

"Not Austin." I say meaningfully. Trish's mouth forms an 'o' shape.

"Leo..." She says softly.

I nod.

"I know I have feelings for Austin...how could I not?" I mumble, twirling my hair.

"But I still kinda like Leo. He's sweet and fun. He makes me forget about my problems."

Trish scoots off the armchair, and stretches across the couch, patting my shoulder.

"Let's do this the Ally Way, Hmm? I need a pencil and notebook."

I oblige, passing her a pair.

"Now," She taps her lip. "List the qualities you like about

Austin."

"Okay...he's sweet, fun, silly, caring, cute, friendly, comfortable to be around-" I rattle off about a dozen others.

"Mmhm. And...Leo?"

"He's...different. Like a breath of fresh air...he's serious, and smart, but funny and...cool. He makes me feel different."

"Okay, now something you dislike about Austin?"

I make a face.

"Well, for starters-

\* \* \*

><p>"Aaaaaaaaaand the grande score is..." Trish tosses me the notebook dramatically.<p>

I stare at the notebook, and throw it back at Trish.

>"It's blank." I say deadpanned.<br>She rolls her eyes.

>"Well, obviously. Look, Ally- this is something you need to decide for yourself. We made a set of pros and cons- it's all up to you now."<br>She looks at me expectantly.

>"So?"<p>

I hesitate.

Then I answer.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>February 14th- VDay Dance<strong>  
><em>Dear Journal,<em>  
><em>Tonight's the night. I've made my choice.<em>  
><em>I'm meeting Trish and some of the other girls in the Practice Room at 5 to get dressed for the party.<em>  
><em>[Freaking out here.]<em>  
><em>So, here's my music set for tonight-<em>  
><em>Parachute<em>  
><em>Try<em>  
><em>Time Goes On<em>  
><em>Sing Me a Song<em>  
><em>Forever & Always<em>  
><em>You Were The One<em>  
><em>Hit The Lights<em>

\_And my Bonus Karaoke Track-\_

><em>Tonight I'm Lovin You.<em>

\_I'm a little worried about my decision. But...I gotta stop being scared.\_

\_I'm gonna close my mouth, and not look down.\_

\_ [UNLEASH THE INNER ROXIE!] \_

\_ Less-Than-Lonely-Tonight, \_

Ally Dawson

Trish swipes the glosser over my lips one last time, before giving me a once over.

"Carrie! Didi!" She called.

The two girls looked up from their styling and grinned, walking up to me.

Didi plays with a curl, gushing over how pretty I look while Carrie analyzes me critically.

"Well..." She starts slowly.

"What?" I'm anxious [my leg is vibrating furiously].

"Trish, can you do wings?"

Trish taps her chin.

"That's a great idea, Ree. Let's try it."

I shut my eyes, hoping they don't flutter while Trish paints a smooth wing over each lid.

"Done."

Carrie claps her hand, helping me up.

"Twirl." She orders.

I oblige, giggling as I spin.

"Perfect."

\* \* \*

><p>Trish answers the doorbell, the rest of us chilling in the kitchen, a bowl of semi-sweet chocolate chips between us.<p>

"Hi Dallas."

"Trish! You look...amazing."

I can hear her laugh echo down the hall.

"Just wait till you see Ally."

I salute the girls, grabbing my silver beaded bag.

Trish pushes me into the foyer, blowing me a rose-red kiss. [ She's wearing a smooth strapless rouge dress with glimmery ruffles up her left leg. Her lipstick is a gorgeous red colour, her cheeks dusted with glitter. As promised, she wore her ruby converse.]

Dallas gives me a charming grin.

"You look gorgeous Ally."

I peck his cheek, eyebrow raised.

"Where'd the newfound confidence come from?"

He shrugs, taking my hand and leading me out the door.

"Meet you there!" I call out as the others wave, cheshire grins decorating their painted faces.

\* \* \*

><p>Austin is stunned.</p>

He watches me, open mouthed, as do about four other guys.

I blush, trying to hide my nervousness as I lean into Dallas.

He cranes his neck, glancing around the room in search of Rosemary.

"Where is she?" He mutters, leading us to sit at a table.

Dez and Carrie are already there, an odd yet adorable couple. [Dez is dressed like...Dez, in complete contrast to Carrie's yellow sundress, pink flower pin, and peach converse.]

Tyler has led Trish out to the dance floor, twirling her through their laughter.

I glance up at the clock.

Dallas, sweet as he is, has left me, probably in search of his date.

\_15 minutes and I've already been ditched. Must be a record. \_I muse.

"Hey."

I look up, my lips forming a smile.

"Leo!"

He grins, taking my hand.

"Want to dance?"

I'm ready to jump into his arms- and then I remember.

"Look, Leo, can we talk about the thing?" I ask soberly.

"Sure!" He grins, his voice bright and hopeful.

I take his arm, tugging him into the hall.

We walk a bit farther out, near my locker.

I sit down on the bench, patting the seat next to me.

"Leo, I really, really like you. But it isn't fair of me to ask for you accept half of my heart...when the other half is with someone else. It doesn't work like that. I can't hurt you again."

My heart breaks as his smile fades, his eyes growing sad.

"Oh." He says quietly, before giving me a weak grin.

"And, who knows, maybe I'll finally get over whatever I feel inside. Maybe, one day I'll be your perfect match." I try, taking his hand.

"Oh, Ally. We know I'll never be the one." He leans in, kissing the corner of my mouth gently, before getting up and shuffling back to the dance.

I bury my face in my hands.

"Great job, Ally." I mutter sarcastically.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Austin<strong>\_

Ally looks...gorgeous. Her hair is pinned sort of to the side, her lips are pink and soft looking...she's wearing this amazing purple dress with thick, silver-glitter straps.

I start moving towards her automatically, but stop, remembering this afternoon.

\_You doof, \_I think sadly.

Five minutes later, she's alone, much like me [Rosemary is off 'getting some punch', but she's probably searching for someone to canoodle with].

Ally sits uncomfortably, her pink lips pursed. She watches Trish dance with Ty...with envy?

I smile, walking towards her before stopping, just as some guy walks up to her.

\_Lars? Leon? No, no...LEO! That's it! \_

Leo grins brightly, kissing her hand. Rage swells within me.

\_I hate him.\_

She gives him \_my \_smile, standing up.

I watch curiously as they speak, her brow furrowing.

She leads him into the hall, her smile weak.

"Austiiiiin," I turn, briefly annoyed to find Rosemary tuggin my sleeve.

She twirls her blonde curls with her free hand, pouting.

"Will you sing me a song?"

I brush her off, moving towards the door.

"Yeah, sure." I mumble, walking into the hall.

I tread quietly, turning the corner and freezin, just as Leo gets off the bench. He stops when he sees me, giving me a sullen glance before walking past.

Ally sighs, putting her face into her hands.

"Oh, Austin," She murmurs tearily.

"The things I do for you."

I clear my throat and lean against the wall, putting on my 'Austin-Moon-Smirk'.

Ally stiffens, her eyes meeting mine.

"A-Austin?" She stutters.

I give her a genuine smile, and move closer to her, taking her hands in mine.

She stands up off the bench, sniffling.

"What happened?"

She hesitates.

"Nothing."

"Ally-"

She shakes her head.

"Not now, Austin."

I give her a smile, lifting a hand to cup her cheek.

"I'm so sorry," I mumble, before swiftly closing the gap between us.

Ally remains still, loosening up after a few seconds.

She winds her arms around my neck, kissing me back forcefully.

We break away, breathing heavily.

"Stop that-" She gasps.

I smirk.

"What? This?" I reconnect our lips.

She slaps my arm, pushing me away.

"We aren't going through this again. Go back to Rosemary."

She walks away angrily.

"Ally! Ally- wait!" I yell, grabbing her arm.

"Why is it so hard for you to accept that I Love You."

She purses her lips, her doe eyes teary.

"It's too good to be true."

"For me too. But I swear. You're the one I want. Not anyone. Besides," I pull her closer, allowing her to cuddle into my shirt.

"Did I ever tell you I have a thing for brunettes?" \*\*(4)\*\*

Ally snorts, kissing me quick.

"Okay. Why don't we give this...a test run. MY way."

>I grin happily.<p>

"Sounds like a plan."

We clasp our hands together, and walk back to the party.

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Alright folks- <strong>the complete dance scene will be uploaded into the companion series, so keep your eyes open for that.\_

\*\*\_Songs Used/Mentioned: \_\*\*

\*\*\_- Try \_\*\*\_by P!nk\_

\_\*\* Time Goes On \*\*an original piece\_

\*\*Stuff I Don't Own:\*\*

\*\*(1) \*\*\_The Last Song \_by Nicholas Sparks- or any NS novel

\*\*(2) \*\*\_Looking For Alaska\_ by John Green- a completely perfect piece of fiction

\*\*(3) \*\*\_Tunes & Trials \_reference

\*\*(4) \*\*From Disney's \_\*\*Tangled\*\*\_ - \*\*since Austin seems to have a thing for blondes, I threw in some Flynn Rider charm.

\*\*I DO NOT OWN AUSTIN & ALLY, NOR AM I AFFILIATED WITH DISNEY/ANY OF DISNEYS PRODUCTIONS\*\*

\_\*\*PLEASSSSSSSEEEEEEEEEE REVIEWWWWW\*\*\_

\_Lots of Love, and thanks for your patience-\_

\_Blue\_

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*A Note to My Beloved Readers, as of April 19th, 2015:\*\*

Hi everyone, it's been a while.

I apologize for the unexcused absence, but I'd like to say I think I'm back for good. This past year has been long and hard (that's what she said ;) and I've had a hard time putting together the right words to explain that. Contrary to what you all may believe, I have been writing. A lot. My hard drive is filled with complete and incomplete stories, chapters, drabbles- updates I look forward to sharing with you.

The gist of this message is- writing is hard, but that's no excuse for leaving you guys hanging. My loyal readers, I love you all so so much. And for this reason, I want you to know I will be reposting/updating/editing all my current stories as well as adding some new ones. Please continue to read, review, and check for frequent updates.

My new schedule will most likely fluctuate around either weekends or Tuesday nights. Once I fall into a smooth rhythm of posting, I'll let you know. The next couple days will mainly be taking down stories and reposting them.

It feels wonderful to be back, and I'd like for you all to know I love you so so so so much. Thank you for everything.

Warmest love,

Bluerene

End  
file.